

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

VOLUME XXVI

POLITICAL NUMBER



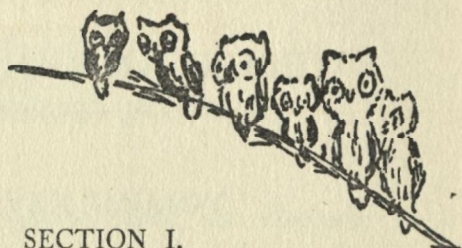
Staff

FRANCES PEABODY	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ELIZABETH WINN	<i>Associate Editor</i>
ZULA PIERCE	<i>Business Manager</i>
MARIE NEW	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
REBECCA RAY	<i>Senior Literary Editor</i>
CARRIE LOU ALLGOOD	<i>Junior Literary Editor</i>
HELOISA MARINHO	<i>Sophomore Literary Editor</i>
DOROTHY MCKAY	<i>Freshman Literary Editor</i>
CLAUDIA DYKES	<i>Alumnae Editor</i>
FRANCES CATER	<i>Exchange Editor</i>

The Wesleyan is published monthly by the students at Wesleyan College.
Subscription price, one dollar a semester. Single copy, thirty-five cents.

*Entered as second-class matter October 17, 1919, at the post
office at Macon, Georgia, under the Act of October 3, 1917.*

Contents



SECTION I.

POLITICS (<i>Foreword</i>)	3
OUR PRESIDENT	4
WILSON'S FAITH (<i>Poem</i>)	5
RULE OR RUIN (<i>Political Story</i>)	6
POLLY TICKS (<i>Poem</i>)	8
IN THE SHADOW OF THE WHITE HOUSE (<i>Poem</i>)	9
"MA" FERGUSON	10
FROM THE FIRING LINE (<i>A Letter</i>)	11
EDITORIAL SECTION:	
VISIONS	12
"PLUMES" REVIEWED	13
ALUMNAE LINKS (<i>Wesleyan Women in Politics</i>)	15
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT (<i>The Straw Vote</i>)	16

SECTION II.

THANKSGIVING (<i>Foreword</i>)	17
THE DAY O' DAYS (<i>Poem</i>)	18
A THANKSGIVING SONG	19
THE VOICE OF THANKSGIVING (<i>A Sketch</i>)	20
LILLY PEARL'S THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION (<i>Story</i>)	21
NOVEMBER (<i>Poem</i>)	23
CATCH-ALL	24
CHIHUAHUA (<i>Part II</i>)	25
A TRIO OF TRIOLETS (<i>Poem</i>)	27

Section I.

Politics

Foreword

*If politics are prosy,
If governors are dry,
If presidents are made
Without your vote.*

*If you want to be a home girl,
If cooking is your joy,
If elections are a thing
Without your forte.*

*Then read what follows after.
Then mark these wise words true,
That they cannot be continued
Without YOU.*

Our President

By CARRIE LOU ALLGOOD.

THE Wesleyan salutes the new president! We honor the first man in the land—the man in whose hands the reins of government have been for the last year, and in whose care the people of America have vested the government for the coming presidential term. With our congratulations we extend wishes for harmony and coöperation in national affairs.

Although President Coolidge has been before the nation as its leader for less than two years, he has won the respect and honor of the majority of the people of the United States. His election was very largely due to the service rendered during that time. The fact that he had ability to so take up the government after the death of President Harding, and to direct so efficiently the business of the nation as to be elected overwhelmingly to the presidency on that record demands the congratulations of thinking citizens.

At the time he came in office the *Outlook* spoke of party troubles: "The Republican Party," it said, "is in chaos, without constructive policies at home or abroad, without important leadership or effective control, without power to direct itself or the Congress to which it belongs." While this was clearly an exaggeration, it indicated a trend of mind



among those who were not in sympathy with the party.

The fact that Mr. Coolidge was able to continue the plans of administration so simply and so effectively that the country at large was unconscious of any change in administration indicates the tact and judgment of the new official.

More than problems of party interest, however, awaited the new president when he went into the White House. The coal strike and the complaint of the farmers in both the South and West called the President's attention. The Bonus Bill and the railroad problems were pending troubles. And grave international issues, in addition to affairs at home, demanded settlement.

While clearly it was to the advantage of the Republican Party to retain the Harding-Coolidge administration for another four years, it could be done only if Mr. Coolidge was able to command the respect and admiration of the American people.

To complicate affairs the Tea Pot Scandal was dug up at an inopportune moment. Was President Coolidge among the guilty ones? The question was discussed among all circles. Politicians declared that he was too near the

(Continued on page 33)

Wilson's Faith

We who once doubted later came to know
 His ways far wiser than our skeptic mood:
 We viewed large issues at a point too low—
 Upon commanding heights our leader stood!

But greater than all triumphs Wilson won
 In world events in which he bore first part—
 Outreaching tasks, perforce, he left undone,
 The Faith that shaped his mind and stayed his heart!

Democracy, the goal of social Man;
 The Nation's Wealth, accounted men—not things!
 These ends controlled his reconstruction plan,
 When a wrecked order, relics made of Kings!

Such was the faith that clothed the man with might!
 It called him from the cloister to the field
 Of steadfast conflict for the people's right,
 And gave his hand the sword of Truth to wield.

It made him leader of the Great Crusade—
 His faith the soul of noblest chivalry!
 A cynic statecraft has the goal delayed,
 Until lost vantage must reconquered be.

Valiant the fight! but recreant the peace!
 The ends forgot that made the allies one:
 Estranging strife the Nations' woes increase—
 And world rebuilding tasks are scarce begun!

But regnant still his faith in valiant thought!
 Immortal words have made the vision clear!
 A welcomed blindness counts this faith as naught—
 But though we spurn, our children will revere!

*From a booklet of verse, "Woodrow Wilson, Prophet of Democracy
 Triumphant," by Joseph Hayes Chandler.*

Rule or Ruin

By ISABELLA DEAS HARRIS.

MIRIAM Guerry shivered slightly and pressed close to her cousin Angela as the two girls crossed the spacious, well-lighted station in Washington, D. C.

"It's fearful outside," she remarked to her companion as they passed through the doors to the sidewalk in the face of a cold drizzling gust of March rain.

"Not half as bad as it was in Alexandria," returned the girl addressed, drawing closer together the lapels of her rain-coat. "You should have seen us threading our way to the station, for all the world like children stepping stones across a branch. Father says Virginia does everything thoroughly, even cloudbursts. Why once——"

Her remark was interrupted when a strangely unkempt hurrying man brushed past them on Miriam's side, his red hair dripping with rain and one lock fallen over a forehead streaked with grime.

"Henry!" gasped Miriam.

But the man rushed on, soon lost to sight in the crowd of clamoring taxi drivers.

"I can't wait for us both to be cut by the young man we met at Helen's house party, can you?" queried Angela.

"Oh, he probably didn't notice us," returned Miriam with assumed carelessness.

"He probably didn't," responded Angela dryly, as they climbed into a waiting taxi and rolled out toward Rocky Creek Park.

Conversation in a taxi at best is none too easy, but when the automobile is

whirling down slippery streets and turning corners on three wheels, after the fashion of American taxis, any rapid fire of questions and answers becomes quite unsatisfactory.

"You haven't told me half enough," Angela insisted later when the two girls seated before an open wood fire, toasting their feet on a small brass fender and reveling in the luxury of low cushioned rockers.

"There's nothing much——" began Miriam.

"Now you know there is," contradicted Angela. "Too many things have been happening around here lately. First here was Uncle Benjamin's being elected to Congress and dragging you off up here. Then there's this mysterious business that's been keeping him in the legislature most of the time. Last of all here's this telegram for me to visit you. You know a Guerry never acts that precipitately unless he has something urgent on his mind."

"Well, I'm sure I can't tell you what the 'something' is," returned Miriam languidly. "Wouldn't you like some tea?"

Tea was an established custom in the Guerry home, introduced by Mrs. Guerry for her husband's sake and continued by Miriam for the same reason. Every afternoon at five o'clock Aunt Rosa wheeled out the little mahogany tea wagon with its load of thin bread and butter sandwiches, its measured amount of fresh orange Pekoe tea, its bubbling kettle of water just removed

from the stove, its array of Haviland cups and saucers, its silver tea pot handed down from four generations, and its bonbon dish with an invariable supply of caraway wafers.

With Colonel Guerry tea was an event which derived its importance from itself and was to be treated as such. To Miriam and Angela, however, tea was of minor importance and was relegated to that type of social functions which exist merely for the furthering of conversation. They were still nibbling away at the wafers when the Colonel arrived home from the legislature, bearing a huge bundle of papers under one arm and fairly bristling with importance and rage.

No Guerry ever forgot to be dignified, however, even in his most violent fits of wrath. The entrance of Colonel Guerry into the library, though rapid, was portly. His bearing was lofty, his greeting dignified. His gathering temper did not break until he had finished his second cup of tea and had tilted his special arm chair back to the proper angle for reading the evening newspaper.

Then he cleared his throat ominously and announced for the fortieth time within the past week:

"The Republican party is made up of knaves and rascals."

"Why, father!" said Miriam.

Her exclamation was the result more of habit than of interest. It was the expected reply, just as "Very Well, Thank You" comes after "How Do You Do?" Her mother had always said in a shocked tone, "Why, Benjamin!" and Miriam always used a replica of that tone when her father talked about the Republican party.

For Colonel Guerry was a Democrat, deep, dyed in the wool. When Democrat is used to describe some people, it designates merely their party affiliations, but used about Colonel Guerry it included his aims, ideals, ambitions, purposes, thoughts, actions, hopes, desires, and inclinations. For him the world had only two classes of people in it: Democrats and Republicans. And woe be unto you if you did not belong to the select first class. It was less disgrace in his estimation to be hanged than to be a Republican; for a man could not help hanging, but he could help being a Republican.

This particular evening the wrath of the Colonel was pointed and violent.

In a swift aside to Angela, Miriam explained how he had been disturbed for the past week about some mysterious action of certain prominent Republicans, what it was she didn't know beyond the fact that it concerned some oil leases out West. Ah! there it was. The Colonel's voice fairly trembled with rage as he described the heinous doings of those "wilfully ignorant barbarians."

The rumor that had been floating around Congress was coming to a swift development. Secretary of the Interior Fall had better watch out or all his intimate relations with Doheny would be exposed. And it was even whispered that Attorney General Daugherty knew something of the deal.

"Sounds quite melodramatic" whispered Angela to Miriam as the Colonel ranted about the "conspiracy which would soon be brought to light."

(Continued on page 34)

Polly Ticks

She came to college wild to learn
 Of governmental tricks;
 The nation and its awful mess
 Right speedily she'd fix—
 But how?
Her dainty fingers
 She'd not daub in politics!

* * * * *

*For politics are dirty things,
 All splotched and gaumed with grime,
 To soil a lady's hand in such
 Would surely be a crime.*

* * * * *

Another came; and pondered too
 O'er deep economics,
 And saw at once: To uplift it
 Leaven through dough must mix:
 So straight she took her vote in hand
 To clean up politics.

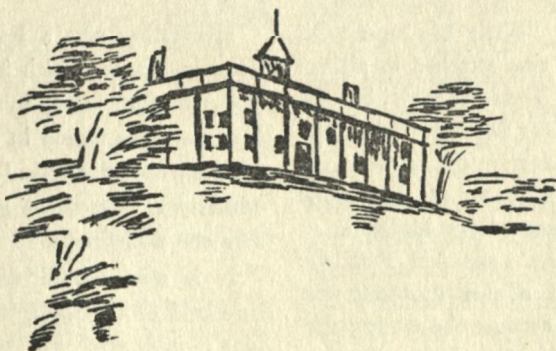
* * * * *

*For politics are dirty things
 All gaumed and splotched with grime
 "But," said she, "is that a reason
 They shall stay so all the time?"*

M. K. R.

In the Shadow of the White House

By DOROTHY M. MCKAY.



*In the shadow of the White House
'Neath a spreading old oak tree
The Father of our Country
Advocated liberty.*

*In the shadow of the White House
In the shining state of Penn
Old Statesmen, brave and fearless,
Declared us all free men.*

*In the shadow of the White House
Many years have quickly passed,
'Forming on the page of glory
Monuments of deeds that last.*

*And now the shadows lengthen
On America the free.
'Tis the symbol of our country
Land of love and loyalty.*

“Ma” Ferguson

By MARY ELLA CAMP.

IT was neither “Nelly Bly” nor “Oh Henry” that was attached to all vehicles in Temple, Texas, recently, but the slogan was “Me for Ma.” Evidently the “Me for Ma’s” were in the majority for she was chosen governor of the “Lone Star State” to succeed her husband.

No doubt some have said that she will be the tool of her husband, but that is not true because she denies, disclaims, and decries any of the responsibilities of her husband. Of course it was from Klan disturbance that Mrs. Ferguson reaped her victory, but she hopes now to give her state a chance to become as large in power among its fellow states as it is in territory.

Mrs. Ferguson is a woman of peculiar talent. She is a gentlewoman and a housewife, a devoted mother and wife, and a firm politician standing on her own feet. A great many people have the mistaken idea that she is called “Ma” because she has two daughters. But instead, it comes from her initials, her full name being Miriam Amanda Ferguson.

Her father was a leading citizen of Temple, Texas, which is a geographical center having 10,000 inhabitants. Mrs. Ferguson was reared in a most cultural atmosphere and received a well planned education. She was a grandmother before she was fifty.

It is not strange that we, on the threshold of the polls, should be particularly interested in this first woman governor. It has been said that behind every great man, although sometimes hidden and unknown, there is some woman. Now, the age has come when a woman stands forward to take a place among the great.

We think it vain to even suggest it, but should “Ma” Ferguson not come up to our standard it will not be because of the fact that a state is progressing a step by choosing a woman leader from its midst.

Having seen that “Ma” is unique yet not so different from many others of her sex, we might watch for the one from our midst who may next be a “Ma” Ferguson.

From the Firing Line

"I have been just as near a battle as I ever want to be right here in Sungkiang Ku, China," begins the letter of Miss Nettie Peacock, class of '02, who has been a missionary to China eighteen years.

"On Monday night we went up on the church tower to see the flashes from the firing. As near as we could tell, it seemed to be about ten or eleven miles away. We felt quite safe for one more night anyway, as we came down. However, about fifteen minutes after ten o'clock we were awakened by the firing of gun and cannon that seemed to be almost in our front yard. For the first time in my life I heard the whining sound of a shell and it wasn't a particularly pleasant sound, I can tell you. Since that time until today, we have been hearing the constant popping of the machine guns. The first two days they were just outside the South Gate of the city and it seemed rather close. Several bullets fell into the compound but did no harm. About four hundred men were killed in this battle at the South Gate.

"Then the Chekiang troops left the city and the Kiangsu soldiers came in to take possession. The looting began! They have been into a number of houses and have stolen everything of value that they could find. They have stopped people on the street and made them hand over all the money they had in their pockets. We have heard that they even jerked the earrings out of the ears of the women. As a matter of fact, it is like a deserted place, there are so few

people left. I do not blame the people for running.

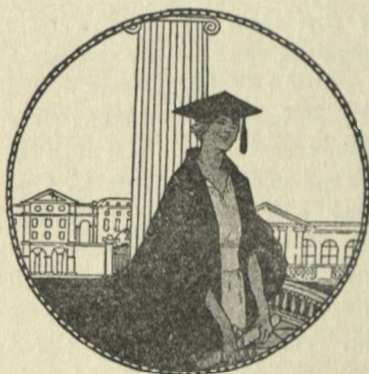
"They have been fighting outside the East Gate until last night, but now I suppose they have driven the Chekiang soldiers on towards Shanghai.

"The first night we heard a train pass Sungkiang and in a few minutes a terrific volley of firing but we hoped that the train had got passed them. We found, however, that they had torn up the track and so derailed the train. One car turned over completely. Saturday afternoon we went to see the train and the battle-field of that desperate fighting—of course they had moved on by that time. We picked up a few shells as souvenirs. We saw a cap here and there with a hole in it, a belt with blood on it and a good deal of blood on the ground all around. The engine had two big cannon ball holes in the boiler and of course cannot be used again. We have had no more trains since then, and have been a week without mail until to-day.

"Sunday morning while we were at Church, an airplane came, and instantly all around the church there was rapid firing. We could not imagine what was happening for a minute. We had taken the refugees to Church and of course they were terribly frightened. In a few minutes one of the men reported that they had been firing at the airplane. That same morning a friend was crossing a bridge with several men when they saw the airplane and stopped to look at it. They suddenly realized that they were dropping bombs and were aiming

(Continued on page 28)

EDITORIAL

Visions

As a daughter of Wesleyan stands upon the parapet of her dreams commencement night she views the fields around in which she might serve. There should be a prayer of thanksgiving in every heart for the passing of the times when women can only wait.

Her first vision is the school rooms. Will the dirty hands of that little boy wield a patriotic pen some day, all because of the ideals she instilled? Will the golden curled head shake vehemently

in the future over a ballot for a dishonest governor, because of her tutoring?

A law office she next views—and turns to bow acknowledgment to the governor's chair of Governor Harris' time. From behind that heavy mahogany desk will she stand unchangeably for justice to her fellowman? A seat in the legislature might be hers for the effort. Will she legislate here for tax reforms and strict divorce laws?

An editorial desk comes within sight. Will she stir the world with pure politics through her newspaper columns? Will her "best seller" stand for the sanctity of the home, the purifying of literature?

The cozy cottage last of all—and here she smiles quite widely. Here lies her highest duty to her state. Does she realize the dignity of her trust, the devotion to duty that this brings? She does!

Whether mother, teacher, scholar, lawyer, writer, or politician, the Wesleyan girl chooses as the fulfillment of her life dream she must carry into it the ideal of a better city, better state, better nation, better flag, better world, and better universe; and feel her call to politics.

“Plumes” Reviewed

By SARAH ADDITON.

TO show how war has destroyed ideals and faith and how it has influenced the minds of its wounded men, Laurence Stallings in his “Plumes” has chosen as his principal character Richard Plume, a true-hearted patriotic son of Georgia, the typical American boy with all his high ideals, and taken him from his home to fight and receive wounds in the war as all the generations of Plumes had done before him.

“The Plumes have been in this country two hundred and fifty years, and not one of them was ever worth so much as \$25,000. ‘Not one of them,’ said Richard, ‘had anything worth going to war about. But, mind you, not one of them in so far as he could manage it, failed to be in the first wave.’ War to the Plumes was not a thing of personal attributes. They regarded it adverbially. It was a question of how did it start, when is it starting, where does one enlist.”

Young Richard Plume had started with the Plume fighting spirit even before there was a war in which he might enlist. When asked why he would not stop football when it interfered with his school work he replied, “I had to play. Who ever heard of a man returning his junior year and dropping out of the squad. Then, somehow I want to. It’s all right when you say you won’t in June. But when the fall comes around There’s such a challenge to play. Each week you go to some big college. You come out on the field in ragged blankets and old helmets, and they almost jeer you. They prepare to run over you. Then they find they can’t. There’s a savage pleasure in surprising them. They begin to send in their best men. You know you will lose. There’ll be no cheers, no victorious procession. You discard all those illusions and simply stand and fight. It’s pure fighting instinct from then on. When you become weakened and you have no substitute it almost seems a struggle for survival.”

Esme Dozier married the youthful football player who was soon afterwards called away from her by the world war, was wounded and sent back to an American hospital, where she is allowed to see him. When, on her first visit, a soldier points to a white iron bed her heart sinks. “A man she had never seen before lay flat upon his back, his head turned towards her, and his eyes closed more from weariness than pain. The thin, acrid smell of chlorine fouled the air, and many red rubber tubes ran from an enameled reservoir overhead to the covers. . . . The face was immobile, hawk-like, dead putty white, and the mouth was

drawn, the mouth of a man about to be flogged. On a cradlelike chest hung the miniature locket she had given Richard Plume. The man on the bed opened Richard's eyes. She sank down and put her hot, shaken cheek to his dry parchment face. He raised two bony arms, the gown-sleeves tumbling back unimpeded past the peeling, yellowed skin of a fevered Ivanhoe. Esme wept as they circled her, trembling, and with no pressure."

From that time Richard's heart was bitter and his spirit dead. All his high ideals, his hopes, and even his belief in God were gone. While alone with his little son he said, "They cannot understand that I am cerebral from now on. No walks, no trees, no fields, no sky. All books. You'll learn to run and play, but that's over for me. I can't have anything they have. And I don't want it. Before I creep home for good I'm going to find out why this thing happened to me and see to it that you will keep those two little kneecaps of yours all through life."

Richard refused to creep home and romance about his wounds. "It is strange," he mused, "that one should be proud because his grandfather in a moment of misguided romanticism should have become riddled in some muddy field, screamed and bled a while, spit cotton and died. Savages use totem poles, and scalps, and piles of skulls."

He tried to work but each day spent in his brace was one of unbearable torture. Esme refused to leave him and want of money forced to a life of drudgery in a two-room apartment. His brace hurt him while he tried to work, his thoughts hurt him because he had lost all faith, but most of all the sight of his wife, throwing away her youth because of him, hurt him. He felt he must right the terrible wrong he had done her and their child by going to the war. Although he had lost all faith himself he could not bear to see her lose faith.

Yet through it all he could not be blamed. This destruction of ideals, this misery (for the book casts rather a gloomy atmosphere about the reader) seems to be Laurence Stallings' idea of war's greatest curse.

Alumnae Links

By CLAUDIA DYKES.

WESLEYAN WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Probably the most prominent position held by any Wesleyan girl is that of representative in the Georgia Assembly. Mrs. Viola Ross Napier has recently been re-elected to this office, having already served in that capacity for two years. She has done her work nobly and Wesleyan is justly proud to claim her as one of her daughters. Aside from being representative, Mrs. Napier is a practicing attorney in her home town, Macon.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ralph W. Northcutt, formerly Mary Lucile Hatcher of Macon, is another Wesleyan matriculate who has had part in the national work. When McAdoo entered the race as presidential nominee Mrs. Northcutt was made Woman's Chairman of Cobb County. As a reward for the service rendered at home, the State Democratic Convention unanimously elected her as the woman delegate from the Seventh Congressional District to the National Convention which met in New York in June.

* * * * *

Mrs. Cone Johnson, nee Birdie Robertson of the class of 1888, was a member of the Democratic National Committee from Tyler, Texas.

* * * * *

Though not altogether classed as political work, Mrs. J. E. Hays, nee Louise Frederick, is widely known for her activity in Woman's Club work. She was also appointed postmistress in Montezuma.

* * * * *

Miss Lucy Lester, a graduate in 1903, and now an alumnae trustee, was the first woman candidate for county office in Thomas County. She ran for superintendent of county schools.

Exchange Department

By FRANCES CATER.



THE STRAW VOTE

"AS the elders go, so go the students!" This statement was conclusively proved in the straw ballot which was recently voted in many of the different institutions of the country. For this vote ballots were sent to the presidents, college papers, and Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries of 550 institutions. Out of this number results were reported from over 120, which represent at a conservative estimate some 100,000 students from colleges and universities of all sizes from all over the country. Among the several large universities represented were: Harvard, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Washington, Ohio State, Virginia—these names show the geographical scope of the poll.

* * * * *

THE WESLEYAN Exchange Department acknowledges: THE WOLFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Section II.

Thanksgiving

Foreword

Thanksgiving comes but once a year!
You'll all agree on that.
And 'twould be quite a shame indeed
To leave it out so flat.

But since it comes 'round once a year
It's always there you know,
So that is why dark politics
Are vanguard in this show.

Thanksgiving comes but once a year!
We greet it with a cheer,
And offer now these tributes
To the one of this glad year.

The Day O' Days!

*A time of friendly war-fare,
 A day of merry fun,
 A festive board of goodies,
 And Thanksgiving Day's begun,
 At Wesleyan!*

*A song unto the school-mates,
 A toast for sisters gone,
 A cheer for winning teams, now
 Thanksgiving Day goes on,
 At Wesleyan!*

*A thanks for myriad blessings,
 A psalm at setting sun,
 A prayer unto our Saviour,
 And Thanksgiving Day is done,
 At Wesleyan!*

A Thanksgiving Song

By FRANCES HORNER.

*All de world am red an' gold
 An' de air j's' nipped wit' cold
 Makes you glad you're livin'—yes it do!
 Pumpkins' all a-ripenin'
 Turkeys for to fatten—in
 De yard to feed de likes o' me and you.*

*What's dat odor in de air?
 'Pon my soul I do declare
 It am de odor ob de mince meat pies.
 Better git to goin' nigger
 Don't, you needn't try to figger
 Dat you'll ever git to taste dat 'sprise.*

*Jes' can't tell de big log blaze
 In how many difrunt ways
 Ah'm glad dat ah'm a-livin' in dis lan';
 Wish dat ah could shout an' holler
 An' could make de whole world foller
 For to thank de Lord—He'd understand.*



The Voice of Thanksgiving (A Sketch)

By MARGARET CHAPMAN.

OUT of the cold night rang the chimes of a far away clock, announcing the hour of midnight. The Thanksgiving gaiety, the glaring lights, the tables loaded with food, the voices and laughter of the older people and the shrill cries of the children, had long since given place to an absorbing solitude. Alone in the great living-room sat John Carver, alone except for his thoughts and his pipe. The last dying embers of the fire dimly lit a part of the place leaving the corners in melancholy darkness.

As he watched the rings of smoke drift upward and lose themselves in the shadows, a growing disappointment filled his heart. These Thanksgiving reunions with his children and his children's children brought with their good-will a sharp reminder of a dream long cherished. He loved his children and their interests were his but somewhere, back in a remote corner of his heart, lurked always that vain hope which none of them could fulfill and the disappointment none could understand.

The last straw at which he had clutched was the chance that Daniel, the grandson he had never seen, might be an answer to his dreams. That day when he had known that Daniel was nearly there a strange hope rushed into his heart, to be instantly routed when the tall Oxford "dandy" alighted at the door. The whole of his past life and

the great yawning chasm of the future stared at him in utter blankness. The thing for which he had lived and labored was never to be his.

As he sat there, heavy of heart and filled with rebellious bitterness a dark figure stole down the stairs and slipped into the chair beside him.

"Grandfather." It was the voice of Daniel. "Would you mind a little company?"

The old man started. The eyes that met his had in them a strange light. There was something in them that reminded him of John. Something in the way in which they looked so clearly into his own that reminded him of the boy he had lost twenty years ago. To hide his feeling he turned away and mumbled a gruff welcome.

For sometime they sat in silence. Whether it was the boy's resemblance to John or something in his personality that commanded confidence, the grandfather knew not, but, ere long he found himself speaking as he had never done before. From out of the years of the past he poured forth his life story.

In his youth his one desire had been to make something of the voice with which he had been endowed. The unqualified praise of critics had encouraged his father to send him away to study. Just as he had thrown himself, body and

(Continued on page 29)

Lilly Pearl's Thanksgiving Celebration

By ELIZABETH DAVIES.

"And do you think you could do such heavy work as scrubbing, Lilly Pearl?"

"O yes'um! Why at home I have to——"

"Have you ever done regular work before?"

"No'um, but every time I gets the chance I work out for some little somepun."

"And spend it on popcorn, I suppose?"

"O, no'um, Mis' Phelps, they is nice tho.'"

"For all day suckers?"

"Why, Mis' Phelps, they cost a dime a piece. No'um, me an' Jim aint never had but a half er one."

"Well how do you spend your money, Lilly Pearl?"

"I—I doesn't, mum."

"What!"

"No'um, you see, Mis' Phelps, Cally Sue, what used to live next do' ter me and what has done moved to 'Gusta, is done axed me ter come ter eat turkey with her on Thanksgiven, and I sho' does want ter go. Ma done said that she caint give me no money to go on so I is jes' saving up all I gets ter go on. Jes' think, Mis Phelps, we'll dance an' play an' eat all day lon'. An' they's gonna have real sho' 'nouv turkey."

"Lilly Pearl, I shall give you four dollars a month, or if you prefer one dollar a week. You may come for work next Monday morning."

"Yes'um, sho' nouf Mis' Phelps? I aint never earned so much money befo', I'll be here, yes'um. An' if you don'

mind, mum, I'll like you ter pay me by the month, mum."

Lilly Pearl was delighted at the prospect of earning four dollars a month, even by scrubbing. She hurried down the alley to tell the good news to her mother and her little crippled brother, Jim. She found him looking on while their mother washed and rinsed dainty clothes vigorously. Lilly Pearl went dancing down to them.

"O—oh Jim! I done it!" she panted exultantly.

"Done whut, foolish?" her buxom mother inquired contemptuously, still washing.

"Have done got me a job, I is, by the month, too" Lilly Pearl glowed.

"How much?" Ma asked.

"Fo—our dollars," announced Lilly Pearl, making it sound as big as possible.

"Hot dawg, Lil' Pearl! I allus knowed you'd do it," all the pride of a ten year old came from Jim in his seat in the soap box under the cedar.

"Lilly Pearl White, you's telling me a lie," Ma accused, arms akimbo.

"No'um, Ma, honest I done tol' yo' de trufe," said Lilly Pearl emphatically.

"Well, who de debbil aint got no mo' sense dan to give fo' dollars a month ter a lil' ole dried up pickaninny like you?"

"W'y—y, Ma, I'm twelve an' goin' on thirteen," said Lilly Pearl, calming down; "sides 'taint nothing but scrubbing I'm gonna do, an' you know I has ter scrub at home every week."

"Huh, you don' hurt yo' self none.

Who you say's gonna let you work fer 'em?" said Ma, resuming her washing.

"Mis' George Russell Phelps," and again Lilly Pearl tried to sound impressive. Ma turned around quickly. But Jim had found his tongue first.

"At the big house up the hill, Lil' Pearl?" he exclaimed.

"Ye—ah!"

"O, I see, miss," her mother said. "You knowed Mis' Phelps wuz a big charity lady an' my 'ployer, too, an' you went begging right under my nose. I'll fix you."

"Oh—h, Ma, honest I didn't. Lemme tell you' all 'bout it," Lilly Pearl's eyes were getting big, and her little ashen legs were shaking.

"Please Ma—," supplemented Jim.

"Well, gwan then, Lilly Pearl."

"You see, Ma, I wanted some money so hard that I jes' thought and thought of the bes' ways to git some. An' I reckoned as how Mis' Phelps would gimme a chance, seeing you's her wash' woman. And sho' nuf she talked ter me herself, too, an' ast me how old I wuz, an' if I'd ever done any work before, an' treated me grand. She even ast me how I wuz gonna spen' my money."

"Hum, that's jes' about my dues to the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, aint it? Did you tell Mis' Phelps you's gonna give it to yo' ole Ma ter pay her s'ciety dues with, honey?"

No answer. Tears swelled in Lilly Pearl's big eyes, and her snagged-toothed little mouth widened in a sob.

"Please, Ma—"

"Huh?"

"Please, Ma, I wants my money myself."

"Whut fer you want so much money fer?"

"Ma you know."

"Whut?"

"Why, Ma, I wants to go ter see Cally Sue an' eat Thanksgiving turkey with her."

* * * * *

One morning more than a month later, Mrs. Phelps happened to find Lilly Pearl hard at work in milady's bath-room. She had become interested in the little black girl, and observing that she appeared quite desolate, she spoke to her.

"Good morning, Lilly Pearl, are you feeling badly to-day?" she asked kindly.

"Good morning, mum," she answered, sitting back on her toes; "No'um, thank you, mum, I feels all right." But unhappy eyes will tell, even if they are poor little black eyes.

"Oh, by the way, Lilly Pearl, I have a bundle of Junior's things that I want you to take to Jim. And how is Jim getting on now?" questioned Mrs. Phelps, for she knew that anxiety for Jim was Lilly Pearl's greatest care.

"Oh, he's better, thank you, mum. Doctor Carlisle had to come to see him twice last week, but yes'um, I think he's gonna git better. Sho' do hope so,—I hate to see him hurt. But he's the swe—etest thing, tho, when he's sick. Me, I caint do nothing but stand around an' grunt when I even has the toothache."

"Have you saved most enough to go to Augusta on, Lilly Pearl?" smiled Mrs. Phelps.

"I—I don' think I'll go Mis' Phelps. You see I had to help Ma pay for the doctor fer Jim the last time he was sick. I's got some pennies in my bank

(Continued on page 39)

November

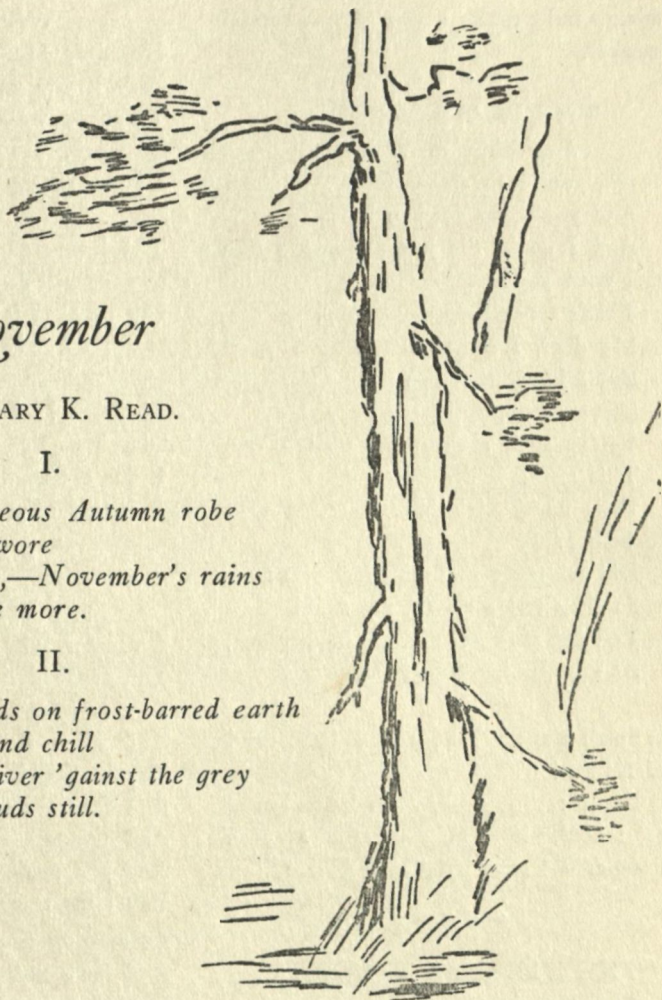
By MARY K. READ.

I.

*No more the gorgeous Autumn robe
That gay October wore
Flaunts in the blue,—November's rains
Have faded it once more.*

II.

*In dull brown shreds on frost-barred earth
It lies. All bare and chill
The black limbs shiver 'gainst the grey
Of heavy snow clouds still.*



Catch-All

Opportunity, knocking but once as it does, would make a very poor political speaker.

* * * * *

THE FLAPPER'S LINE.

(According to Wellesley)

Oh, you're so wonderful!
And you're so good to ME—
And I could die just promming like
this with you!
That's what they always say.
My dear, I am so dumb,—
But I know that you are
Clever enough for two!
You're such a great big man—
This music is divine!
How many girls have you told that
to before?

Did we meet at Proms last year?
So they tell me,—O, my dear!
You can pick her out, the flapper out,
At any Junior Prom.

* * * * *

Small Boy: "Pop, what is the Board
of Education?"

Father: "My son, when I was going
to school, it was generally a pine
shingle."—Commercial Law Journal.

* * * * *

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE.

A woman is afraid of a mouse;
A mouse of a man;
And a man a whole lot more of a
woman.

* * * * *

Dentist: "What kind of filling do
you want in your tooth son?"

Boy: "Chocolate!"

—New York Medley.

THINGS YOU NEVER HEAR AT WESLEYAN.

No, dear faculty, we couldn't use a
holiday if you gave us one.

What we want is less privileges and
more work.

I know all my work so I don't mind
exams.

Thank you dad but my last month's
allowance will do for this month as well.

My parallel is all done and my les-
sons are up, what shall I do with my
time.

Christmas? I don't know when the
holiday begins or how long it lasts.

I don't care to borrow clothes. I
have plenty of my own.

* * * * *

TO YOU.

I wonder why
You touched my littlest finger
So experimentally
And when I met your eye
You laughed?
And then we talked of things
And things
And you made love to me.
You almost won my heart.
At evening time you went away
And have not come again.
I wonder why?

* * * * *

Ah!
Poetry, what
Crimes are committed
In thy
Name
!

—Exchange.

Chihuahua

By FRANCES DAVANT.

PART II.

IT was a little after mid-night, a time when Gray's most successful business transactions usually took place, and one of his best customers had just arrived.

"Come on back here, Cantri, where we can talk without being disturbed," said Gray, ushering him to a hot little room in the rear of the building. Cienfuegos, the evil-looking, stunted little Bermijan who was Gray's right hand man, set a bottle and glasses on the rough table between the two men. One would not think, to look at the owner of this wretched little place, that he had great influence, not only over the ignorant and superstitious natives who traded with him on the Island, but over a motley assortment of skilful crooks and smugglers of many nations. He knew enough about them to make them respect him, even if it were not for the fact that they realized how very valuable this out-of-the-way station in the South Seas was to them. Here men brought stolen or smuggled articles of every description and value, to be sold or traded, and Gray had opportunities of disposing of them which were open to no one else.

As the two men sat down, Cantri drew out of his pocket a little chamois bag, whose contents he rolled out on the table. There before them lay five perfect pearls of lustrous white, which gleamed strangely on their incongruous background of rough wood. Gray's dis-

sipated face was as expressionless as a mask, but under lowered lids his beady little black eyes sparkled with cunning and avarice. He examined them minutely, then looked up at Cantri. "I'll give you twenty thousand for the lot."

Cantri turned almost purple with indignation. "You blankety blank old robber," he said, "those pearls are worth every bit of——." He stopped suddenly, as a loud noise, as of some heavy object falling, was heard, apparently directly beneath them, then the sound of fleeing foot-steps.

Gray sprang up and pulled open a trap door in the floor, peering down into the darkness and calling loudly for Cienfuegos. Taking a pistol from his pocket and a lighted lantern from a shelf in the room, he went down the ladder, followed by Cantri and Cienfuegos. At the foot of the ladder Cantri paused and looked around him. They were in a large room or cave, evidently hollowed out from the cliff on which the building stood. Huge boxes and chests were piled in it, and in one corner stood a very large safe. This room was evidently used as a place of storage for the goods Gray dealt in. The others had gone on ahead along a tunnel, so Cantri ran to catch up with them. They came out of the secret entrance in the ledge just in time to see Kalohi and Dick push off in their boat.

Gray emptied his revolver at the retreating boat, but they were some distance from him and the moonlight was

so uncertain that he was unable to strike them. Cursing his fate, he, with the other two men, hurried back to the store. Arranging a quick deal with Cantri, he sent him on his way, and called Cienfuegos to his side.

"Now is the time to pay off your old debt to me, Cienfuegos. If you succeed in what I want you to do, the matter will be closed between us. That young fool Burton will bring the whole government boat down to the store-room tomorrow if something isn't done to prevent it. Quick action is absolutely necessary. As you know, your people are having some sort of ceremony to Chihuahua to-night, so they will be worked up to the highest pitch. Now you take several barrels of whisky to help them celebrate, and then incite them to turn against the Burtons. You will know how to do it; tell them it's Chihuahua's will, or anything else you think of. The main thing is to get the Burtons and Kalohi out of the way. Now get out, and don't fail!"

After Kalohi and Dick escaped in their boat, they pulled for shore, beached the boat, and ran up to the house to await further developments. Kalohi had called for Dick some time after mid-night, and together they had found their way to the opening in the cliff, through the tunnel, and into the underground room. They investigated as much as possible with the aid of a flashlight which Dick had brought, but only boxes, chests, and a safe were visible, none of which could be opened. They had heard voices above them, and Dick climbed up the ladder leading to the trap door to overhear the conversation between Gray and Cantri. His foot

slipped on the top rung of the ladder, and it was the sound of his falling which had startled the men and caused the pursuit.

Dick now sat on the front steps of the bungalow with Kalohi and ruefully rubbed his bruises. "We didn't get them and we let them know we were suspicious, but at least we know where they keep the goods and can tell the authorities about it when the boat arrives tomorrow and let them investigate matters themselves," he said.

Kalohi remained silent for a moment, and then said with an anxious air, "I wonder what Gray will do about this. It wouldn't be like him to sit back and let matters take their course. I'll bet he's up to some mischief now, but I can't think exactly what it might be. We'll just have to wait and see what happens. Do you mind if I stay here the rest of the night with Big Ben in his cabin? I think we can confide in him."

"I guess you're right, Kalohi—as usual. Of course it will be all right for you to stay with Ben. I feel very much safer with both of you on my side." With these words Dick crept up to his room. He remained dressed, ready for whatever should come next, although he doubted very much if anything at all would happen. Glancing out of the window, he noticed that the smoke from the volcano was thicker and blacker than usual, and shot through with occasional red, but this had happened before so he thought no more about it. Tired out with the excitement of the night, he fell across the bed and went to sleep.

(Continued on page 31)

A Trio of Triolets

TRIOLET

*Lips that tell me "No,"
 Eyes that say, "Why don't you?"
 How can you treat me so,
 Lips that tell me "No?"
 I asked you long ago
 Which to heed. Ah, won't you?
 Lips that tell me "No,"
 Eyes that say "Why don't you?"*

TRIOLET

*No letter to-day,
 Will there be one to-morrow?
 How could the clerk say,
 "No letter to-day?"
 Ah, empty delay
 And heart-aching sorrow—
 No letter to-day,
 Will there be one to-morrow?*

TRIOLET

*'Twas sin to drink of wine . . .
 Till your lips kissed the chalice,
 And raised the cup to mine
 'Twas sin to drink of wine.
 Now toward the fruited vine
 My heart bears naught of malice.
 'Twas sin to drink of wine
 Till your lips kissed the chalice.*

LLOYD CHAPIN, Emory '23.

A Stationery Store

Full of service is always a popular trading place for the college student and the public in general. You will find a gift for any occasion among our well assorted stock which includes:

Kodaks and Cameras
Eversharp Pencils
Fountain Pens
Loose Leaf Memo. Books
Memory Books

Greeting Cards the year round

We cordially invite you to trade with us.

The J. W. Burke Company

406 Cherry St., Macon, Ga.

Macon Electric Company

WIRING, FIXTURES AND SUPPLIES

Electrical Appliances for College Girls

Phone 31

367-9 Second Street, Macon, Ga.

WESLEYAN'S DRUG STORE

College Hill Pharmacy

"The Pharm"

J. TURNER

SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Expert Shoe Repairing

508 Cherry Street, Macon, Ga.

Telephone 825

Work called for and delivered.

FROM THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 11)

at the bridge on which they were standing. The bomb did not hit the bridge but came rather close. The plane dropped five bombs that morning, but four of them did no damage, the fifth went through the roof of a house. So you see we have really been seeing something of the war.

"We have not heard even the distant sound of a gun today and the quiet has been most welcome. You see, we have been within the sound of guns for more than three weeks. We hear that they are wanting to talk peace and so the end seems in sight.

"We have had from fifteen to twenty thousand soldiers here since the Kiangsu came in and the looting has been terrible. I was out in the country for a walk yesterday and some of the country people said that the soldiers had taken everything they had, all their clothes as well as their food. I feel so sorry for them. However, the soldiers have been ordered away and nearly all of them have gone.

"We have not been able to buy things to eat much the last few days. The country people were afraid to bring their things in to sell. They knew the soldiers would take them. But we have a supply of canned goods and so have not suffered."

This is a case of Wesleyan and international politics.

W. B. KEILY

"Maker of Fine Glasses"

in store with

F. C. BENSON CO.

572 Cherry St.

Phone 4336

THE VOICE OF THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 20)

soul, into the love of his music the sudden death of his father called him home. There was no question now as to his future. He was no longer the singer of promise. He was the man of the family in his father's stead.

Years later the realization of his own dreams was given him in the voice of his son. John, the quiet one so unlike the other children, brought boundless joy into the life of the father. The sound of that clear tenor, so rich in its quality, filled the artist heart of the father with an unending song of thanksgiving.

When John, in the full bloom of his promise, died, every ray of hope went out of the life of the old man.

As the grandchildren came he watched anxiously for some sign of the music he loved, only to have his disappointments heaped like coals burning one upon the other.

* * * * *

As he reached the climax of his story the last disappointment in Daniel himself, the eyes, so like John's, lifted and looked into his own with wordless sympathy. His story ended abruptly. He could not hurt the owner of those eyes.

Daniel only half heard the old man as he wandered on into tales of John and his love for him. A snatch of a story here, of how the famous artist had sought the boy out and wondered at his voice, a short bit from the relation of John's baby days—were all that reached his ears.

Through all of this narrative Daniel struggled with himself. Should he tell that he too had won the praise of critics,

RIALTO THEATRE

NOVEMBER 24, 25, 26

RICHARD DIX IN

"Manhattan"

NOVEMBER 27, 28, 29

GLENN HUNTER IN

"Merton of the Movies"

DECEMBER 1, 2, 3

POLA NEGRI IN

"Forbidden Paradise"

DECEMBER 4, 5, 6

BETTY COMPSON IN

"The Garden of Weeds"

DECEMBER 8, 9, 10

GLORIA SWANSON IN

"Wages of Virtue"

DECEMBER 11, 12, 13

THOMAS MEIGHAN IN

"Tongues of Flame"

DECEMBER 15, 16, 17

MARION DAVIES IN

"Yolanda"

DECEMBER 18, 19, 20

JACK HOLT, ERNEST TORRENCE IN

"North of 36"

JANUARY 1, 2, 3

"Peter Pan"

OMEGA FLOUR

REFLECTS THE
BEST IN
MILLING



Cox & Chappell
Company
DISTRIBUTORS
MACON, GEORGIA

FLOURNOY & KERNAGHAN

JEWELERS FOR
WESLEYAN

Agents:

J. P. Stevens Engraving Co.

Cherry Street Next Person's

Repairs

Engraving

that he too cherished a love for music? His natural timidity joined with the fear that his grandfather might find his voice lacking in quality caused him to hesitate for a moment before speaking.

John Carver leaned forward in his chair. His pipe hung unnoticed between his fingers and his eyes were staring into the dying fire. He was talking on and on about John. He could not stop.

"Every Thanksgiving," he said, "When the last of our festivities were over and we were all ready to go up to bed, John would come and stand before the fire and sing. Ah! at times like that my heart fairly burst with thanks and joy. The song he learned from the negroes about the place. It was something like this—'Glory to God in the—.'"

Now was his chance. Involuntarily Daniel arose. The clear, rich tenor joined with the old cracked voice once so full of promise, and together they sang, and both hearts joined in the song of Thanksgiving:

"Glory to God in the highest
Glory to God in the highest,
Glory to God,
Glory to God,
Glory to God on high."

OUR NEW LOCATION

468 Cherry Street

Macon Optical Co.

Eyes Examined

Glasses Fitted

CHIHUAHUA

(Continued from page 26)

It seemed to him that he had lain there but a few minutes when he was awakened by Kalohi. "I think my people are coming down against you, my brother," he whispered. "They have been holding sacred ceremonies to Chihuahua, and are so mad with religious frenzy that they know not what they do. They are coming toward us, led by Cienfuegos and Gray. You had better awaken Dr. and Mrs. Burton. Ben has gone for all those who are friendly to us."

"Get the guns out of the cellar, Kalohi, and when the men come bring them in the house and lock all the doors and windows. I'll wake Father and Mother."

Dick got out his pistol and went to

wake his parents. As calmly as possible he explained the situation to them. By the time they had gotten down stairs there were about twenty Bermijans, armed with whatever they could lay their hands on, ready to protect their white friends with their lives if necessary. The howling mob of nearly naked men, women, and children had almost reached the house and stones had been hurled through some of the windows. Suddenly Kalohi threw the door open and went out on the porch. His unexpected appearance and commanding attitude checked the crowd for a moment. With a shout he pointed toward the volcano, and the people, impressed by his manner, looked in that direction also. What they saw filled them with awe and terror. Smoke, rocks, and liquid fire were pouring from Chihuahua in

The Macon Daily Telegraph

Wesleyan's Newspaper

READ THE WESLEYAN LETTER EVERY SUNDAY

ever-increasing volumes. For a moment there was a dead silence, and then as one person the voices of the terrified natives rose in a high, long-drawn wail. The chief priest was the first to regain possession of his faculties. He commanded silence in a loud voice, and in the native tongue told them that the goddess Chihuahua was angry at this attack against the white people. He said that they had been urged on by Gray through Cienfuegos, and that the wrath of the goddess could be appeased only by the lives of Gray and Cienfuegos.

Then bedlam broke loose. Screams of terror and shouts of anger broke from the fear-maddened throng, and with one accord they turned on Cienfuegos and Gray and literally tore them to pieces. They then turned and made all possible speed to the point furthest from the erupting volcano, without another thought of the courageous little party at the bungalow.

It seemed that they had been delivered from one danger only to be confronted by an even more terrible one. There was no immediate danger, as the mountain was at a considerable distance from them, but if the eruption continued very

long the lava and melted rocks would reach them.

"I think the activity has already begun to decrease," said Kalohi. "It has been known to do like this before. We can only hope and pray for the best. If it continues to grow less we are perfectly safe."

The whole party were much reassured by these encouraging words, and true to Kalohi's prediction the mountain was much less active by the time the sun rose in golden splendor out of the sparkling water. Dr. Burton looked at the glorious spectacle with reverent eyes. "These poor, ignorant Islanders will attribute their escape to the appeased goddess Chihuahua, but we know better. I thank God, that He in His infinite mercy has this day delivered us all from the madness of the people of Bermeja and from the almost certain destruction that Chihuahua would send forth."

TOILET ARTICLES

Get the Best at

"THE PHARM"

GUARANTEED SPORTING GOODS

Southern Sport Supply Co.

509 CHERRY STREET

HOTEL DEMPSEY BLDG.

OUR PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 4)

smoke not to be scorched. And it remained for the election to show where the trust and confidence of the people lay.

No vice-president, moreover, filling the term of a president who had died, had ever held power, except Roosevelt who succeeded McKinley in 1901. And only seven months remained until the beginning of the primaries.

Yet those traits that made up the character of Mr. Coolidge were ones that would well stand such a test. Ability and courage to make decisions quickly and to act calmly were shown in his maintenance of law and order in the face of a police strike. This act is said to have contributed largely toward winning him the place of vice-president. Dignity and self-control in other trying situations were shown in his former work in the White House. True to his New England type, he is one who practices caution. He does not allow this trait to make him a drawback in transactions, but rather he considers carefully before making a decision.

An incident in the life of Coolidge while he was governor of Massachusetts shows his diplomacy in not committing himself. He was asked his opinion on the League of Nations. To which he replied: "I am governor of Massachusetts and Massachusetts has no foreign policy relations. If I should hold an office calling for action or opinion, I shall put my mind to it and try to arrive at the soundest conclusion within my capacity." Thus Mr. Coolidge left the inquirer with little knowledge of the personal opinion of the governor.

Perhaps Coolidge's greatest characteristic is shown in the words of his father: "Cal is a good, honest boy and will always do his best with any job given him." This has been the attitude of Coolidge since he was put in office. Each problem that called for attention, he has tackled with his might.

With a definite conception of duty and with a desire to accomplish the best results for the greatest number, he has worked earnestly at every task. Power of decision, calmness, caution, diplomacy and conscientious endeavor to do his best are, therefore, characteristics that made Coolidge win.

FOR SUDDEN SERVICE CALL A YELLOW CAB

*The Thinking
Fellow Rides
A Yellow*



*Hail
Them
Anywhere*

PHONE 5000

YELLOW CAB COMPANY,

Emmett H. Baker, *President*

RULE OR RUIN

(Continued from page 7)

"And, furthermore, Miriam," he concluded, whacking the little tea wagon with a resounding thump which made the cups rattle in their saucers and one of the caraway wafers seek refuge under the lemon compote, "Furthermore, if I see you having anything more to do with that red-headed Republican reporter on the Washington Star, I'll turn you out of house and home. I simply won't have you contaminated with such ideas."

"So that's the way the land lies," whispered Angela softly to herself after the Colonel had left the house and Miriam had gone to get out breakfast.

Idly she fingered the leaves of the telephone directory and reached across the table for the receiver.

In the office of the Washington Star a

tired man rubbed his aching eyes and called "Copy, boy" exactly thirty-seven seconds before the last pieces of copy were assembled on the going to press of the huge editorial page.

"Good stuff, Henry!" commented a kindly news editor as he wrote a caption for the first sheet and shot it down the yawning tube to the composing room.

But Henry was bending over the telephone, his benumbed fingers athrill again with the feel of the receiver which he knew connected him with a certain home in Washington.

"Her cousin, you say. Oh, yes, I remember. But didn't she know where I was—rushing to get in my editorial, the chance I'd waited for all these years? I left word with her father, why I had to break the date. Yes, I know I should have seen her, but the train left in ten minutes and I still had to get instructions

W. A. Doody Co.

*"The Style Center of Middle Georgia
Where Styles Are Shown First"*

Exclusive Ready-to-Wear

Exclusive Millinery

REDFERN AND WARNER CORSETS

Piece Goods, Hosiery, Novelties, Gloves, Underwear, Shoes, Etc.

Glassware and Crockery

WESLEYAN LADIES, WE INVITE YOU TO VISIT US.

Rest Room—Third Floor

from the city editor.—Yes, I'll be there, certain I will—as soon as I can get off. Good-bye."

* * * * *

It was a strangely white Miriam who returned to the library an hour later. She would listen to no suggestion that her cousin could make. No, she didn't want to play. Music made her sad at twilight. No, she didn't want to read either, the light hurt her eyes. It was too ugly weather to go for a walk. And she detested knitting. Cards were stupid.

Finally, Angela reached over for the copy of the paper her uncle had left on a chair.

"What's this?" she queried. "The Washington Star? Pretty good paper, isn't it? Seems to me I ought to know somebody who works there. Why—Miriam!"

But Miriam was sobbing softly in the cushions of the huge davenport and did not look up.

With cousinly wisdom Angela went straight to the root of the trouble.

"Why don't you write Henry how obdurate your father is?" she suggested, a smile lurking around the corners of her mouth.

"After the way he cut me this afternoon? Do you think I haven't any pride? And besides——"

Her voice trailed off indefinitely.

But between much sobs and many protests Angela gathered that Henry had committed the heinous crime of breaking a date with Miriam the night before. Now there is no wrath like that of a woman scorned and Miriam ran true to type. Not one explanation had she heard, not one did she want to hear. Some things were unexplainable.

A Cordial Welcome

TO WESLEYAN
STUDENTS

*We specialize in youthful
frocks for the school girls.*



The Union
Dry Goods Co.

Macon, Ga.

Hats for
Wesleyan



*Whatever is new and
smart you will find in
Macon's Most Modern
Millinery Store.*



Newman's Millinery
622 CHERRY STREET

For Three Generations

Burden, Smith & Company

HAS SERVED

WESLEYAN GIRLS



*Never was a season
when that service
was better than it
is now.*

MAGAZINES—
SUNDAY PAPERS

at
"THE PHARM"

D. A. Warlick & Son



COLLEGE WORK
A SPECIALTY



117 COTTON AVENUE

Phone 767

In vain Angela tried to soothe her, to shift the conversation to different channels.

"What was that you told me last summer about Henry's trying to make the editorial staff instead of staying with the reportorial force?" she asked gently. "Didn't you say something about a chance he was always looking for?"

But Miriam refused to discuss the subject.

She was still lying there when the newsboys began to cry the late editions of the papers in the streets. Colonel Guerry walked in with a Washington Star under his arm and excitement protruding from every movement.

"Well," he muttered to himself as he opened up the paper and turned to the editorial page. "It's pretty decent stuff—pretty decent, if a Republican did write it."

"Write what, father?" queried Miriam, sitting up and wiping her eyes with a corner of the sofa pillow.

"This editorial," he boomed. "Here the whole scandal comes out this afternoon. Just what I've been expecting for several weeks. The Republicans needn't have thought they could get away with anything like that. Here Fall leases this government land to Doheny and pockets this huge amount of money. And Attorney General Daugherty's implicated some way, so I understand. Why, I tell you, the administration's terribly worried. But this editorial strikes right to the heart of matters. It was being discussed in the capitol when I left."

He peered interestedly through his shell-rimmed glasses at the columns of the paper and bent closer with occasional nods of approval.

"H-m-m-m" he commented. "Whoever wrote it had inside dope on the matter. They must have dug up those old records in the Interior archives in a mighty big hurry."

Angela looked up sharply but said nothing.

"Just listen to this, will you?" continued the Colonel.

Miriam stifled a yawn, but Angela glanced nervously at the clock and then at the door.

"The name of it is 'Rule or Ruin'" announced the Colonel in his majestic reading voice. "What about this? 'The business of the government of the United States is not to condone scandal nor to protect moneyed interests, but to administer justice, swiftly, surely, and impartially.' Whenever——"

The doorbell rang sharply three times.

"Let me go to the door, please, uncle," insisted Angela, slipping before him into the reception hall.

In a second Henry stood on the threshold, his red hair put in a semblance of order but his face haggard and the

Independent Laundry Co.

DRY CLEANING
DYEING

20% West, Cash and Carry
PHONE 1000
452 Second Street

National Furniture Company

Home of Dependable Furniture

We furnish your home complete and at "terms to please you." Drop in and look over our superior line.

Cor. Cotton Ave. & Cherry St.
Macon, Ga.

Chas. A. Hilbun

OPTOMETRIST

and Manufacturing Optician



620 Cherry Street

Phone 575 Macon, Ga.



FROM
Nutting Floral Co.
Macon's Leading Florists
414-2nd St. Phone 1778 Night Phone 3654-J

Schelling Shoe Shop

Biggest Because Best

We rebuild shoes, but
we do not cobble them.

Our Promptness Our Pride

Phone 756 119 Cotton Ave.

Have You Tried

Those Delicious

Potato Chips

at

Barker's Bakery

also

NEW DELICATESSEN

Cotton Avenue

H. E. LOWE

EVERYTHING
ELECTRICAL

LAMPS, SHADES
AND FIXTURES

131 Cotton Avenue

shadows under his eyes setting off the pallor of his skin.

Colonel Guerry rose wrathfully, letting the paper rustle to the floor.

"Didn't I tell you last night not to return—?" he began.

But Henry had eyes neither for Angela who stood at his side nor for the Colonel who blocked his path. He slipped past them both straight to Miriam, who looked at him in stupefied silence.

"Miriam," he said in tired yet triumphant tones, "I've made my place. I'm on the editorial staff—won the job by writing 'Rule or Ruin' this afternoon. Angela phoned me about my not seeing you in the station. I was just back from digging up the records of the oil leases and it was only thirty-five minutes before the editorial page went to press."

Miriam gave a low glad cry of congratulation and smiled her forgiveness and pride up at him, but the Colonel was before her in speech. He crossed the room with a swift stately tread, while the bow he made was majestic.

"Do I understand you to say that you are the author of the editorial 'Rule or Ruin'?" he asked.

Then, without waiting for a reply, he added,

"Your article was splendid. We are happy to have you in our home. For a Republican, my boy, you are beginning to see the light."

SHARP'S SHOE SHOP

Practical Shoemaker and Repairer

We call for and deliver your shoes.

Phone 2177

607 Cherry St., Macon, Ga.

LILLY PEARL'S THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

(Continued from page 22)

that I done saved a lon' time but they aint 'nough fer to go on. But maybe I'll get ter go anyway somehow." Lilly Pearl grinned her bright little snaggle-tooth grin, and presently Mrs. Phelps heard her at work, gaily singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

That afternoon when Lilly Pearl carried the bundle home to Jim, his little face brightened joyfully in prospect of exploring the contents. He wanted to begin at once.

"Now—I tell you what, Bro' Jim, les' go out in the yard. We can set under the tree and git some rest and fresh air. Yo' aint had none too much to-day, is you?"

"Naw, Lilly Pearl, but I got 'long awright. Ma had to go off this morning and ever since I been planning whut all we's gonna be when we grows up."

"Whut, hon?" Lilly Pearl asked, all the while bundling him up into a faded old jacket. She helped him out into the yard, pulling him along in his soap-box chair. He was the pride of Lilly Pearl's heart, this poor little crippled brother. And often it was a struggle for her to put by her pennies for her long hoped for trip. It was so nice, she thought, to pick out a lovely gaudy tie

COLD SODA

at

"THE PHARM"

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

IDLE HOUR FLOWERS
FRESH-CUT DAILY FROM
OUR OWN GREENHOUSES

**IDLE HOUR
NURSERIES**

109 Cotton Avenue

Quality Service Reliability

College Hill Grocery

CARRIES GOOD EATS

for

WESLEYAN GIRLS

Johnson, Durham & Burke

BETTER FURNITURE FOR LESS MONEY

365 Second Street

Phone 3826

168 Cotton Avenue

*Hotter
Hot Dogs*

at
"THE PHARM"

Luther Williams Bank & Trust Co.

Open All Day—9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

4½% Interest Paid on
Savings Accounts

Your Account Welcomed

Cor. Cotton Avenue and Cherry Street

Attention! *Wesleyan Girls*

Coats,
Suits, Dresses,
Millinery

Snyder's Ready-to-Wear
PHONE 2511

609 Cherry Street, Macon, Georgia

for Jim at Woolworth's. And then what a joy to watch his eager face with its patient lines light up triumphantly. Just now she felt hopeful over Mrs. Phelps' bundle.

Finally they reached the shady spot under the cedar tree. Lilly Pearl tried to teach him by pretending to forget about the bundle.

"Whu 'tis we's gonna do when we gits big, Bro' Jim?"

"Aw, now, gimme my bun'le, Lilly Pearl—it's mine—now gimme, and I'll tell you. He'p me git this string off, Lil Pearl. O yeah I'm er gonna run a 'partment sto', an' you is gon' git to have turkey every day to eat, an' you is jes' gonna keep house fer me. O-oh, look at this here shirt, Lil Pearl—it's got a sho' nouf tail to it, and here's a collar, too!"

"Uh-huh, an' you can wear yo' tie I give you th' 'ther day. Whut chu doing Bro' Jim? You caint try on all them things out here in the street!"

"I kin, too, some of them anyhow;" and Jim proceeded to deck himself with a nifty blue cap, the shirt, two ties, and a nice blue jacket. The trousers and other things he arranged around him.

"Hot dawg! Jes' look at 'em, Lil Pearl, See them slippers, they is oxfords, aint they? Aint them the grandest things you did ever see? Put 'em on

Ries & Armstrong, Inc., Jewelers

RELIABLE GOODS ONLY

315 THIRD STREET

MACON, GEORGIA

PHONE 836

fer me quick. Gwan now don' my foot look pretty in 'em, Lil Pearl? Lil Pearl, pleas jes' let me stand up in 'em jes' a minute."

"I aint gwine do no sich thing, Jim White, you know that the doctor done said fer you not ter stand on yo' left foot 'tall."

"Jes' lemme stand up an' look down at 'em, Lil Pearl. You hold on ter my hand and you know jes' that lil' bit aint gwine hurt me none. Now is it?"

"Well all right, honey chile, an' don' hurt yo' self—Whoo—ee, that big wind mos' knocked me down—we'll have to go in the house in a hurry."

But the wind had blown off Jim's cap and was careening about with it out in the alley. Impulsively Jim started in pursuit. Three steps away he moaned, "O-o-oh!" and crumpled to the ground.

As best she could, Lilly Pearl helped her brother back in the house. He was struggling bravely, but his drawn face and wide eyes belied his efforts. Soon there came a shower of rain, which passed by quickly with the wind.

Then their mother came in. Though Jim tried to hide the pain and excitement, Ma soon perceived both. With threats she got the story out of them, and then she set about relieving him, all the while scolding and grumbling.

"Hadn't I better git the doctor, Ma?" Lilly Pearl asked anxiously. Little Jim spoke up quickly.

"Naw, not ra't now, Lil Pearl; les wait 'til in the mornin', and then if it still hurts, we can git 'im. It costs too much when we have ter send for 'im so many times."

Lilly Pearl and Ma were silent. They knew it was too true. Dejectedly Lilly Pearl began to busy herself sorting the garments that they had brought in hastily from the rain. Something clinked in a trouser-pocket, and the next instant two queer little bracelets fell on the coverlet of Jim's bed. Ma snatched them up.

"Wher'd you git these here things?" she demanded, examining them with a gleam in her eyes. Lilly Pearl and Jim told her more about the bundle and its contents.

"Aint them funny things, Ma? Chains with shiny stones on 'em. Whut yo' reckon they're fur, Ma?"

"They're bracelets ter wear on yer arm, foolish, and 'spensive ones at that. I know a jeweler man that'll gimme somepun handsome for these here pretties."

"But, Ma, they're Mis' Phelps,' and I'll have ter take 'em back ter her."

"De debbil yo' will! Caint yo' see our luck? Apt as any way the Lord

PIANOS, FURNITURE, VICTROLAS

VICTOR RECORDS—LATEST SHEET MUSIC

WILLIAMS-GUTTENBERGER CO.

466 Second Street

put 'em in tha Hisself. You sho' aint got no feelins for yo' po' little crippled brother an' yo' po' ole ma, ef yo' does all that. We's all gwine land in the po' house, anyhow, 'count of yo' triflingness."

But Lilly Pearl had her way and the next morning she tramped up the muddy alley to the big house on the hill, hoping to find her benefactress at home and willing to see her.

When she had greeted Mrs. Phelps, she dumped the bracelets into her lap unceremoniously, as if she feared to keep them longer.

"What—why, my mother's old bracelets she lost last summer. Child, where did you get these?" she demanded, still astonished and mystified.

"They wuz in Mist' George's pocket. You know, in the bundle you gimme to take to Jim yest'day."

"We might have known that Junior had misplaced them somewhere. He's such a careless boy! And poor mother thought the world of them. Father bought them for her in Spain on their honeymoon. Of course Junior declared he had put them back in her case when he finished showing them to little Marianne. Yes, she even offered him a reward if he would find them. Why, I

VISIT THE—

**Kenilworth
Gift Shop**

—AT—

WOOD - PEAUVY'S

*GIFTS WORTHY OF YOUR
PATRONAGE*

We Are Agents for

**ELIZABETH ARDEN AND
ALL FINE PERFUME**

PERSON'S

"A Modern Drug Store"

The L. F. M. Store

"Macon's Bargain Center"

588 Cherry Street

**READY-TO-WEAR, MILLINERY, SHOES,
HOSE, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS**

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

remember she offered a reward to the servants, too. Lilly Pearl the twenty-five dollars is yours."

"O-oh, I knowed 'twuz right all time to bring 'em back ter you spite o' all that 'bout the Lord—but, Mis' Phelps, these here li' things ain't worth all that much. Tw-en-ty-five dollars. Why I can go to 'Gusta all ter once on that!"

For a second time Lilly Pearl joyfully started home to tell the good news to Jim and Ma. The storm clouds of yesterday had returned in all their fury but what was that to Lilly Pearl when she was on her way to Augusta for Thanksgiving just a week from to-day?

As she reached the front porch she heard voices in the front room of the cabin. What was that her Ma was saying to the doctor between her sobs?

"I—I jes' don' know, I jes' don'

know. Po' li'l boy—guess maybe he'd be better in—"

"Hush—the child must be operated on right away. You *must* get the money for hospital fees."

Lilly Pearl slipped around the house and in the back way. Doctor Carlisle and Ma heard sobs issuing from Jim's room. There they saw Lilly Pearl kneeling by his bed, her arms holding him close, her head buried beside his. Over her shoulder they saw her spotted old elephant bank closely held in Jim's hands.

* * * * *

Thanksgiving day Lilly Pearl was the happiest and most thankful li'l pick-aninny on the street, and she wasn't in 'Gusta either. She and Ma ate their turkey dinner right by Jim's bed and she was the life of the party, for wasn't Jim going to get well?

Wesleyan Girls!

When shopping, remember those firms whose advertising has made possible the publication of the Wesleyan.

Engraving for the College Girl—

Engraving speaks with an eloquent
tongue — especially when it bears the
Foote & Davies imprint.

A college girl's engraving demands
are many.

MONOGRAM NOTE PAPER
INVITATIONS
CALLING CARDS
MENUS

*We shall be pleased to have
you confer with us regard-
ing engraving in any form.*

Foote & Davies Company
Engravers and Printers
ATLANTA

"The College Publication House"